And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, & Cousin *Glendower*, will you sit down?
And Uncle *Worcester*; a plague upon it, I have forgot the Map.

Glen. No, heere it is; sit cousin *Percy*, sit, good cousin *Hotspur*; for by that name, as often as *Lancaster* doth speake of you, his cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sigh he wisheth you in Heaven.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower* spoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my nativity,
The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes
Of burning Cressets: and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mothers Cat had but kitned, though your selfe had never been borne.

Glen. I say, the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Hot. And I say, the Earth was not of my mind.
If you suppose as fearing you, it shooke.

Glen. The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh, then the Earth shooke to see the Heavens on fire,
And not in feare of your Nativity:
Diseased nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions, and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of Collicke pincht and vext,
By the imprisoning of unruly Winde
Within her wombe, which for inlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame Earth, and topples downe
Steeples, and mosse-growne Towers. At your Birth
Our Grandam Earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shooke.

Glen. Cousin, of many men
I doe not beare these crossings: give me leave
To tell you once againe, that at my birth,
The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The Goates ran from the Mountaines; and the Heards
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted Fields,

These signes have mark't me extraordinary.
And all the courses of my life doe shew,
I am not in the rolle of common men:
Where is the living, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Bankes of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Wales*,
Which cals me pupill, or hath read to me,
And bring him out that is but Womans sonne,
Can trace me in the tedious way of *Art*,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hot. I thinke there's no man speakes better *Welsh*,
I'le to dinner.

Mor. Peace, cousin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glen. I can call Spirits from the vasty deepe.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man:
But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glen. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command the Divell.

Hot. And I can teach thee, cousin, to shame the Divell
By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Divell.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And i'le be sworne, I have power to shame him hence.
Oh while you live, tell truth, and shame the Divell.

Mor. Come, come: no more of this unprofitable chat.

Glen. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head
Against my power, thrice from the banke of *Wye*,
And Sandy-bottom'd *Severne* have I sent him
Bootlesse home, and weather-beaten backe.

Hot. Home without bootes, and in foule weather too?
How scapes he agues in the divels name?

Glen. Come, here is the Map, shall we divide our right,
According to our threefold order tane?

Mor. The *Archdeacon* hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England from *Trent*, and *Severne* hitherto,
By South and East, is to my part assignde,
All Westward *Wales* beyond the *Severne* shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound
To *Owen Glendower*: and, deare Cuz, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from *Trent*,